

OBITUARY.

The oldest person and the youngest child can use Brown's Instant Relief with perfect certainty of being benefited.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Suspender Effects, Taffeta and Satin Costumes, Princess Styles, White Waists, Answers to Correspondents.

[Correspondence of The Journal.]
Not satisfied with appropriating masculine materials during the winter season for their tailor suits, feminines have now adopted "suspender effects," developed in colored ribbon, velvet ribbon or shirred silk bands, with such a happy result that the entire is entirely forgotten. Imagine a fluffy white net waist, either of plain or figured net with puffed sleeves, and crossing the shoulders of this waist are beautiful ribbons tied in bows at the shoulders, and overlapping in front, disappear at back and front, beneath a wide belt. Between each puff is a band of silk matching the suspender. Oftentimes the silk dress material forms the lower part of the waist, the white net being in such cases less conspicuous and the suspenders are also of the silk.

PLAIN COLORED TAFFETAS or satins are the prettiest of spring costumes, skirts usually made without trimming and when the "suspender style" is not used, jaunty little etons, either box-plaited or plain, edged with a lace or embroidered ruffle, and clusters or rows of small brass buttons at the front or back have a trim, tidy appearance, a change from the over- load of trimming, which often mars a costume.

Batiste and figured organdies made in Princess style are also very attractive, the close effect around the waist and hips being made by shirring, and a deep lace yoke, (this is optional) and wide tucks on the skirt, complete the picture.



This beautiful costume, taken from The Delineator, is of dot and ring-printed tulle over a light flannel with trimming of Venice lace. The waist is on the blouse order, and a double box-plait marks the center of the front. The lace yoke is in fancy outline, and is designed for a high neck with standing collar, or for Dutch round outline. The skirt is in seven gores, rippled below the hips with or without a circular dounce, from beneath which the skirt should be cut away.

WHITE WAISTS are still the reigning "fad," and although lawn, muslin, dotted lace, white cheviot and other kindred fabrics retain popular favor, yet embroidered linen has a peculiar prestige. Open eyelet work, either a large spray at the front, or an "all over" design, are equally acceptable, and any one who is skilled in such matters, by purchasing the linen, (a heavy quality) having it stamped and embroidering it oneself, may have an elegant waist at a small cost.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mrs. D. Van V." You will find Pond's Extract exactly what you need for your skin. I know of nothing so efficacious for burns, whether the result of fire or exposure to the sun, for inflammation, hemorrhages and the thousand and one ills that every member of the household is subject to. You should avoid witch hazel which is so generally offered as "the same thing" and "just as good," as recent official investigations have shown that of seventy samples of witch hazel purchased from as many leading wholesale and retail drug stores and department stores throughout the country, fifty-two contained wood alcohol (poison) formaldehyde (poison) or both, and the other eighteen samples did not begin to be of the quality of Pond's Extract, which is the standard. Pond's Extract, costs more, but if you value your life and health it is worth the difference.

"Marie C." The lingerie hat is very easily made at home. A wide frill of batiste embroidery, or eyelet work laid on a lined brim, a cap-crown of similar material or tulle, muslin, ribbon tied around the crown, and if desired a cluster of grasses or daisies on the brim, and your hat is complete.

"Nellie T." Box coats are stylish for linen suits, not more so however than the blouse, the Eton, or a long coat, either loose or tight-fitting.

VERONA CLARKE.

Portland's Export Trade.

A complete summary of the export trade from the port of Portland during the past winter compares favorably with that of the preceding winter. The total value of foreign exports fell off by \$3,000,000 but this was nearly offset by a gain of rather more than \$2,500,000 in domestic exports. The regular transatlantic services were well maintained. The shipment of apples from Maine and New Hampshire shows a decrease as compared with last year of over 50,000 barrels. The shipments to London were doubled, while to Liverpool they were decreased 50 per cent.

Grain and general cargo shipments were nearly up to the standard of the previous seasons. Livestock shipments were heavier. The total value of the exports was \$16,686,697 as compared with \$17,077,356 in 1903.

Federation of Women's Clubs.

Every club woman will be interested in the 13th annual meeting of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs to be held at Houlton, the home of the vice president Sept. 13 to 15, when the federation will be the guest of the Fact and Fiction club, the Ricker Travel class and the Houlton Woman's club. These clubs will entertain as provided in article 5, section 2 of the constitution. Other members and friends of the federation may secure board and reduced rates by addressing Miss Belle Downs, Leonard street, Houlton, Me., secretary of the Fact and Fiction club. The president of the federation, Mrs. George C. Frye, earnestly wishes that there shall be a full representation.

Don't let the children suffer. If they are fretful, peevish and cross, give them Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. The best baby tonic known. Strength and health follow its use. 35 cents. R. H. Moody.

Uncle Siah on The Rebel Flags.

It was evening. A sunny April day had just closed. Siah, tired with the labors of the day, was sitting at his desk reading the latest news. Every few moments he would say, "too bad; yes, it's disgraceful, outrageous."

Amanda looked up from some work in hand and asked, "What are you grumbling at? You must see something that you don't like very well."

Just then there was a stamping at the door and old Jim, the big mastiff of 100 lbs. weight, sprang to attention from a sound nap and challenged the party.

"For pity's sake," someone said, "hold on to that dog or he will eat us up." But Jim knew a thing or two, and when Siah said, "it's all right, Jim," he, with a growl of suspicion, again lay down facing the party.

Good old Uncle John and a few old soldiers were of the party and Siah told them he had just been reading something that made him at first awfully mad. "Must have been something pretty bad to have riled you so," said Uncle John.

"I suppose you must have read" replied Uncle Siah, "that Congress before they adjourn voted to return all the captured Rebel flags that have for 40 years lain in the storehouse of the Nation's Capitol. I thought Congress had no right to return them. But very few Union soldiers were in Congress the past winter, and those who were not in the army or navy had by right no voice in the matter. The South had not asked for them, and why should they have done such a thing and never asked the members of the Grand Army, who of all others should have the right to say. The papers say a great day in Richmond, Va., is to be the result. All the school children will wear miniature flags of the Lost Cause, and all the issues of the dead past will be revived. Soldiers of Maine, is it right, is it just to the surviving soldier?"

This is the order: "Gen. Ainsworth, the military secretary, who was specially charged with that duty by the Secretary of War has completed the shipment of the Rebel flags captured during the War of the Rebellion, to the governors of the various States to which the organizations who carried them belonged. Total number of flags returned, 198; divided among the States as follows: Alabama 14, Arkansas 5, Florida 7, Georgia 24, Kentucky 1, Louisiana 5, Mississippi 15, Missouri 2, North Carolina 31, South Carolina 14, Tennessee 7, Texas 4, Virginia 63. All of these standards were forwarded by express to the governors of the various States to do with them as they deemed advisable under the circumstances. They all bear distinctive marks sufficient to establish their identification. There are a large number of other captured Rebel flags, still in the possession of the War department with no means of identifying them and they will be retained in the custody of the War department."

As Siah finished reading the order, he said, "Yes, I was mad. Then I took up another paper and it told of the grand reception President Roosevelt was having in the South, and boys, he is the best friend the surviving soldier has had since Lincoln. As I read how the boys who were the blue and those who wore the grey marched elbow to elbow in the ranks, under the protecting folds of Old Glory, as the President reviewed them, I could not help saying, let them have the old flags, though it revive memories of forty years ago. They are Americans, they will cherish their honor. They will cherish the memory of the Lost Cause another forty years before it is forgotten. No man loves the flag as the surviving soldier. I have known men returning from the Southern prisons to clasp the folds of Old Glory in their arms and press their parched lips to its protecting folds, while tears streamed down their cheeks."

The State of Maine has reason to be proud of the record of her soldier sons, and the only stain found upon the flags entrusted to the Maine soldiers care was the precious life blood of her loyal sons."

The little company had sat still while Uncle Siah was telling this story. Uncle John said, "Siah, if you started out to preach next, I wouldn't be surprised." It has been said, many times, that the soldiers of Maine never lost a flag, and their record was a grand one. It was said by one of the great commanders of the army of the Potomac, "if it is possible I want a Maine regiment in every brigade."

Siah said, perhaps having been a soldier he was prejudiced in favor of the surviving comrades of that great conflict, but there was a spirit of fellowship among them as a whole that nothing but the final muster out can sever. But, boys, that day is fast approaching and to the most of us we may be very near. We have reached the summit, and like the railway train are rapidly going down the grade. And, boys, on the down grade there are no stations. We are being whirled along at such a terrific rate of speed that we pass the railway stations so quickly we hardly catch a glimpse of one before another is in sight. The commissioner of pensions tells us the death rate averages 1000 each week or more than 50,000 each year. We thought 50,000 a huge army in the war time, but the boys are fast becoming back numbers. The young man, educated, up-to-date, as the American people will call him, is right past the old soldier in the battle of life. He has ambition he must smother it. He is told he is too old. You must give place to the young generation, but you may look on and see us improve on your old system.

"You don't suppose," said Uncle John, "the American people will ever forget the old soldier, do you?"

Siah said, "No, they get a reminder once in a while. One of those times comes on the 30th day of May, when the public look upon the depleted ranks of the Grand Army throughout the North. Take Mountfort Post of Brunswick, or Sedgwick of Bath, and you can easily count a score, perhaps many more, fallen out by the wayside. I hear them say sometimes how fast they are growing old. In the future who will place the beautiful flowers of springtime on the grave of that soldier who gave his life that the nation might live and the leave a spotless flag for those who come after?"

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As a closing thrust Amanda said, "You must excuse him for Siah is an old army crank."

THEY NEVER LOST A FLAG.

When our Country was in danger in the year of sixty-one And the Rebel bands of treason had fired the signal gun, The dear old Flag we love so well was trailing in the dust, And men in high positions proved false unto their trust.

The bugle call rang loud and long, the drum beats rattling din

Caused the farmers boys to leave the plow and hastily fall in; The rich man and the poor alike, from town and city, too, Flocked to the listening place to see what they could do.

Fort Sumter has been fired upon, I hear the newboys cry, Fall in, fall in, the ranks to fill; men now must do or die.

With nervous hands they seized the pen, and signed the fatal page: We'll save the Flag, the boys they said, if it should take an age.

And so our boys they marched away, so loyal, grand and brave, With one intent, one purpose bent, the Country we will save.

And I've heard it said, again and again Not a flag was lost by the sons of Maine.

On every field of battle, where men fell like ripened grain, If you sought among the wounded you would find the sons of Maine.

Twenty-three thousand Union men at Gettysburg they fell Three days and nights of agony that rends the heart to bleed.

Yet the war raged on and our loved ones died, It took from our homes our joy and pride; But again we repeat this grand refrain, Not a flag was lost by the Sons of Maine.

Of near seventy thousand soldiers boys we sent into the war, Braver or more loyal men no nation ever

And our grand old State today points with pride To the long list of heroes who for her have died.

Other States may tell that their soldiers were brave, And how much they done, the Country to save, We acknowledge it all, yet repeat this refrain, Not a flag was lost by the Sons of Maine.

No North, no South, no East no West, today We believe a blessed peace has come to stay.

Float on blessed starry banner in all thy glorious pride, In all our land, from shore to shore, there's room for none beside.

—Silas S. Holbrook, in the Brunswick Record.

ENFORCEMENT IN WALDO COUNTY.

A Review of the Disposition of Liquor Cases at the April Term of the S. J. Court.

In another column the disposition of the liquor cases at the April term of Court is published by the Clerk of Courts, as the law requires. Some general statements of facts in Court procedure in general, and some definite statements relating to this particular term, may be of interest to the public.

When an officer makes a seizure of liquors, the person in whose possession he finds them is arraigned for trial before the Judge or Justice who issued the warrant on complaint of the officer or a private citizen.

The search and seizure cases disposed of at the April term, the disposition of which is reported in another column, all came before Judge R. W. Rogers of the Police Court of Belfast, and the sentence in each case was, \$100 and costs and sixty days in jail, and in default of fine and costs, sixty days additional in jail. In each of the cases the parties convicted appealed, as was their legal right, to the following term of the Supreme Judicial Court, and gave bonds for their appearance there in the sum of \$200.

If they fail to appear—as they did in cases numbered 323, 324, 331, 332, 334, 361, 362, 366, 377, 381, 382, 383, 620, at the last term of Court—the bonds may, on the motion of the County Attorney, be defaulted in each case, and collected in civil suit, and also on his motion the sentence given in the lower court may be affirmed in each case; so that, so far as the sheriff could have located the parties, they would have been committed to jail. But such action was not taken. The procedure in the single sale cases, for example No. 362, is the same.

Now if the respondent appears in the Supreme Judicial Court, his case may be disposed of in one of the following ways:— 1st. Not proceeded by the County Attorney, as in case No. 338.

2nd. Continued for trial at some future term of Court, as in case No. 503.

3rd. The defendant may file a demurrer; that is to say, he acknowledges himself to be guilty of the charges that are well set forth, but denies that they constitute the crime with which he is charged. The demurrer may be as to the form of the indictment by the Judge and then, as is his legal right, the accused may file exceptions to the overruling of the Judge, and this sends it to the full bench of the Court for determination. This method is well illustrated by case No. 589.

Liquor cases which go to the Law Court, are almost without exception returned for sentence at the next term of Court.

4th. The case may be tried by jury, and if the verdict is "not guilty," as in case No. 604, that settles it forever. But if the verdict is "guilty," as in case No. 582, the motion to arrest judgment may be filed, and if the Judge overrules, as he usually does, then exceptions may be taken to his ruling and the case goes to the Law Court.

5th. The respondent may plead guilty, and then his case would be ready for sentence.

THE SENTENCES.

The criminal law was so changed by the last Legislature that now even though a case may go to the Law Court by process either 3 or 4, as given above, sentence must be imposed at the time, but the execution of that sentence is stayed pending the decision of the Law Court. Under this present law, Mr. W. S. Edminster was fined in six cases as follows:—

No. 527, \$100 and costs, and thirty days in jail.

No. 528, ——— sixty days in jail.

No. 570, \$100 and costs, and sixty days in jail.

No. 594, \$50 and costs ———

No. 605, \$100 and costs, and thirty days in jail.

No. 608, ——— sixty days in jail.

In default of fine and costs the jail sentence is doubled in each case. Now if all these cases come back from the Law Court at the same time, as is natural they should, with judgment for the State, as usual in such cases, it would look to the average reader that Mr. Edminster would have to pay \$350 and costs, amounting to at least \$350 more and go to jail two hundred and forty days; but that is not the case, for Chief Justice Wiswell explained, when he imposed the sentences, that the jail sentences were to run concurrently; that is, while he is serving the sixty days sentence in No. 570, he is serving the jail sentence in each of the other cases at the same time. So that the practical result will be the same as if No. 570 had been the only case in which a jail sentence had been given, and just the same as though no sentence whatever had been given in Nos. 527, 528, 570, 594, 605, and 608.

Officers of the law and the County in securing those two convictions was to no purpose whatever, and had there been a greater number of convictions against him, it is plain to see that the labor and cost of obtaining them would have been in vain. Mr. L. L. Genter was sentenced in six cases, as will be seen, with the same condition of concurrent jail sentences, and with the same result, so that the faithful, hard work of citizens and officers in securing convictions in two cases met with no practical result whatever, and "hangs" the bills. The same condition and legal practical results obtained in the three cases in which Mr. Fred M. Staples was sentenced.

The well known "demon" plan was to lump all offenses against the Prohibition Law and impose a fine of \$100 and costs, usually amounting to \$10. But here we see the principle of the Law Court applied to jail sentences, lumping many into one, the practical result of which is to pardon in all cases except one, or the same as if only one had been brought. Hence, in several sentences have been imposed at the same term of court, they have been so imposed that one jail sentence began at the expiration of another. For example, if the case of No. 527, which each were imposed, the second would be stated to begin at the expiration of the first, and the third at the expiration of the second, making the full penalty one hundred

and eighty days, and by this usual method Mr. Edminster would have been obliged to serve two hundred and forty days and two hundred and ten days longer unless he had paid the fines and costs. The greatest full penalty as provided by statute in the six above cases against Mr. Edminster would have been \$2350 and two years and five months in jail.

In case No. 524, returned from the Law Court, "Judgment for the State," ready for sentence at this term, and case No. 568, continued for sentence from last term, both against Jesse E. Staples, the presiding Justice stated that why he gave only a fine, was because that he was satisfied that for three months and longer Mr. Staples had been out of the State.

At the January term of Court, 1903, Chief Justice Wiswell, who also presided at this term of Court, announced that after March 31, 1904, jail sentences would be imposed for all convictions under the liquor laws.

In cases No. 486 and 560, John A. Warren was sentenced \$100 and costs in each, and in default of payment, to sixty days in jail in each case, but as the jail sentences run concurrently, that is he serves both at once, he chose to go to jail sixty days rather than pay \$200. He may regard that as he is earning good wages.

Cases No. 565, 560 and 568 against W. S. Edminster, John A. Warren and Jesse E. Staples, respectively, were tried by jury at the January term of court. There were search and seizure cases and the evidence was overwhelming and the verdict "guilty" in each case. Then a motion to arrest judgment was filed and Judge Emery overruled it; then exceptions were taken to his ruling; whereupon, by motion of County Attorney Foster, the exceptions were adjudged frivolous and intended for delay and according to the provision of the statute were sent to the Chief Justice that decision thereon might be had in time for sentence at the April term instead of the September term, as would have been the case had they gone to the June Law Court.

These cases were returned "Judgment for the State" and ready for sentence at the April term, and No. 560 and 568 were sentenced by fine only. But in case No. 565 against Mr. W. S. Edminster, the presiding Judge said in effect, that as Mr. Edminster and Mr. Fred Staples, respectively, were tried by jury at all in about the same relation to the law, (all in the business at the time), he felt that they should be all used as nearly alike as possible and proposed that case No. 565, against Mr. Edminster should be continued for sentence; and the County Attorney, probably not wishing to oppose the presiding Judge in his plan, acquiesced to consent.

The idea explained by the presiding Judge, was that if given a jail sentence then he would have to serve it then, but if given next September it could be served at the same time as the other two, and he being served. Last January exceptions in this case were adjudged frivolous and intended for delay, and the case given a short cut to readiness for sentence. Then in April, when it was ready for sentence, it was continued to a more convenient season. If three men were known to be guilty of theft, or forgery, would it be suggested that the one caught should not be punished until the other two should be had, so that they could be all punished at the same time and in the same way?

Verdict of not guilty in case No. 604 was a surprise, since there was the evidence of two search and seizures and the testimony of a witness who had purchased liquors for four or five times, all within the period of the liquor men's indictment.

There were many cases on the docket. Some of them were when Mr. Foster came into office, and he was rather hard pressed having to stand against the combined force of Messrs. Harriman, McLeish, Bowden and Ritchie, the attorneys who labored so industriously and pled so eloquently for the liquor men. One of the leading attorneys expressed himself as well pleased with the results, and to the effect that Mr. Edminster fully expected to go to jail. A strong effort was made to prejudice the court and jury against the evidence of the detective who had been employed by Sheriff Carleton. The rightfulness to employ detectives to ferret out crime is everywhere recognized, and more detectives are employed today than at any time in the past; and whoever heard their employment objected to except by the liquor fraternity, when such an use of crime of selling liquor; and I believe the citizens of this county will uphold the Sheriff in his straightforward work of enforcing the law.

While there is such a combination to defeat the Sheriff in enforcing the law, and such sly methods of conducting sales, such as carrying the complete outfit in a market basket on the arm that can easily be run away with, or having a hide in some out of the way place and bring only a bottle or two at one time on the premises where the sale is made and peddling from the pocket, Sheriff Carleton will doubtless avail himself of every honorable means of enforcing the law so persistently violated.

The "gone out of business" argument was very much out of business. No one would say that the thief, or highway robber, or forger when he is caught and hard pressed by accumulation of cases and evidence, declares by himself and his counsel, "I have gone out of business all out for good," and a few months after being "let off" engage in it again and pursue it with all diligence until caught and then repeat the same old plea of "gone out of business."

ONE INTERESTED.

Don't let the little ones suffer from eczema or other tormenting skin diseases. No need for it. Doan's Ointment cures. Can't harm the most delicate skin. At any drug store, 50 cents.

TROY.

Charles Cook recently lost a valuable Jersey cow....D. O. Cook of Newport spent several days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cook....A sow belonging to John Smith recently presented him with nineteen pigs....Mrs. Helen Hunter of Biddeford is with her sister, Mrs. Daniel Shaw, where she will pass the summer....John Cook went to Stockton Springs last week for employment. His wife and infant son are visiting her mother, Mrs. Isa Call of Pittsfield....A meeting was held at A. C. Myrick's Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of forming a local aid society for the benefit of the Bangor and Lewiston Soldiers' and Sailors' Home.

Friend of Etna. The latter in turning the corner was thrown from his carriage, which remains a wreck by the roadside. Sheriffs from Newport and Bangor tracked the boys to this town, where they were searching for them Saturday night, disturbing the peaceful citizens by telephone calls throughout the night. The Alonzo Gardner of Lewiston is the guest this week of his cousin, Edwin H. Garecelon. On the doctor's 92nd birthday, which occurred May 6, he called at Mr. Edminster's home, the most remarkable lady in town. She is still active and vigorous at the age of 94....At the home of Hon. Lorenzo Garcelon last week were assembled the brothers, Nelson from Kansas City, William of Burlington, Leroy and Edwin of Troy, with various members of their families and their cousin, ex-Gov. Garecelon of Lewiston. Mrs. M. T. Dodge, who is very skillful with her cane, was also present and took a group picture of the party....Charles Berry passed away May 10th, at the hospital in Augusta, where he had been suffering from pneumonia. He was 78 years of age. His wife was much shocked Sunday, May 14, by news of her sudden death, which occurred at her home in Chelsea, Mass. The remains were brought to Troy Monday for interment in Fairview cemetery. Services were held at the home of T. W. Hayes Tuesday afternoon. The deceased was possessed of a lovable character, and he and his wife had many friends who expressed an unusually strong attachment. Besides a kind, devoted husband, she leaves aged parents and an only sister, who reside in Lincoln, Me.

No man can cure consumption. You can prevent it though. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma. Never fails.

\$33 to Pacific Coast.

Tickets will be on sale from Chicago, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line, during the autumn months at this low rate. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman Tourist sleepers. If the cars through without change to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, only \$7.00 for double berth. Full particulars on application to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

There's One Range That's Always Good

Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Your Old Range taken in Exchange

MITCHELL & TRUSSELL, BELFAST.

EAT LUNCHEON BEEF

Neither Corned Beef nor Roast Beef but much more delicious than either"

This delicate and delicious meat retains all its juices, possessing the taste and savor of fresh meat. It is a palatable prepared luncheon—just the thing for picnics and outing parties. Eat cold or make into hot dishes. For sale at your grocer

ARMOUR PACKING CO. KANSAS CITY, U.S.A.

GRIPING PAINS

Stomach ailments, characterized by severe griping, twisting pains and sudden cramps, such as colic, cholera, cholera morbus and diarrhoea, are best cured by that century-old remedy

JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT

Its anodyne strength and purity make it just as efficacious for internal, as for external, use. Whether you rub it into the skin or drop on sugar in a teaspoon to cure a cold, it is equally potent. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c, three times as much.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

HEAL & WOOD

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Granite Monuments

HEADSTONES, CURBING, AND

ALL KINDS OF CEMETERY WORK.

THE BEST OF WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Now is the time to call, as we have a large stock of finished work.

Bridge Street, Belfast, Maine.

Masury's Pure Paints

Are the Standard Paints of the United States and have been for three-quarters of a century. There are more of Masury's Paints used than of any other TWO paints combined. WHY---Because they are the best and cheapest paints to buy ever produced.

Order by the name---insist on having MASURY'S.

MASON & HALL, Agents, Belfast.

A Trial Subscription to Your Home Daily Paper, \$1.00 for First 3 Months.

The Bangor Daily News will be sent to any new subscriber for the next three months for \$1.00. Cut out this advertisement, fill in the name of the subscriber who desires the paper and mail to us at once.

TO THE BANGOR PUB. CO., Bangor, Me.:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me the Bangor Daily News for 3 months as a trial subscription. It is understood that after the first three months the price is to be 50 cents per month.

Name.....

Town.....

ISAAC S. STAPLES,

BROOKS.

Has on hand of his own make, a nice lot of CARRIAGE WOODS, ROAD WAGONS, and GROCERY WAGONS, which he will sell at the lowest living prices.

3m16

Proposals for Collecting Taxes.

Sealed proposals for collecting the State, County and City taxes of the City of Belfast for the current municipal year, will be received until Monday, June 5, 1905, at 5.30 p. m. The City Council reserves the right to accept any one of the proposals or reject all.

A. F. MANFIELD, City Clerk.

Belfast, May 5, 1905—4w18

THE CAPITAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

Concord, N. H.

ASSETS DECEMBER 31, 1904.

Real estate	\$105,200.00
Mortgage loans	26,877.49
Unearned premiums	112,901.15
Collateral loans	1,300.00
Stocks and bonds	246,207.00
Cash in office and bank	24,154.52
Agents' balances	60,917.04
Interest and rents	3,225.80
Gross assets	\$544,307.51
Admitted assets	\$544,307.51

LIABILITIES DECEMBER 31, 1904.

Net unpaid losses	\$ 27,562.58
Unearned premiums	26,877.49
All other liabilities	33,225.51
Cash capital	206,400.00
Surplus over all liabilities	26,340.93
Total liabilities and surplus	\$544,307.51

Geo. E. Howard, Special Agent, Dover, Maine.

3w18

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, E. W. Brown

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

Cures Grip in Two Days.

on every box 25c.

WE have in stock a full line of

PAINTS, OILS, Varnishes, Brushes.

Colors ground in oil and dry, in fact, everything used in painting. Also the best assortment of

Lamps, Tinware, Nickelplated Copper Goods, Ranges and Woodenware.

In the city.

Be sure to see our stock before purchasing. Open evenings.

Mitchell & Trussell.

OSGOOD'S INDIAN BITTERS.

Made entirely from roots and fruits from the woods and the system for the

Full Pint Bottles 50 Cents

50 lbs. of these specially valued SWEET FLAS have given such satisfaction in the past two years. Odd, delicate

4 Ounces for 10 Cents

FINE SHADES IN NASTURIONS.

POOR & SON DRUGGISTS.

F. S. HOLMES

Captain Barrett's Promise.

When I asked Captain Barrett to spend the day with me at a farm I owned in one of the suburbs of New York, I had no presentiment that I was to become acquainted with an episode that marked what might be called the turning point in his life. The disclosure came about because of my desire to drive him from the railroad station to my house. When he left the train and saw my horse and buggy he shook his head doubtfully, and said:

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I'd sooner walk. I don't have nothing to do with horses."

"This is a very gentle one," I explained, thinking that he might be nervous, "and I'm a careful driver."

"Gentle or skittish, I don't have nothing to do with 'em," he replied.

"It's a dusty mile and a quarter to the house," said I in tones designed to persuade, "and the sun is hot."

"I'd prefer to walk all the same," was his dogged rejoinder.

As a rule, sailors like nothing better than to drive behind a horse, and I knew, therefore, that Captain Barrett, being an exception, must have some good reason for his idiosyncrasy. So without another word I walked my animal slowly along while the skipper rolled and hobbled along beside the buggy.

I say that he rolled and hobbled because he had a gait peculiarly his own, and this was due to a pair of painfully bowed legs that upheld with difficulty a broad, thickest body. I know that Captain Barrett was sensitive about his legs, for at the sailor's mission one day I had seen him strike an impudent young seaman because the latter jocularly remarked that the skipper's legs were like a pair of iron rods. This meant that they were nearly doubled beneath him. If this description was unseemly, no one could deny that Captain Barrett was topeheavy.

After we had traveled half the distance he was obliged to call a halt, to recover his breath he explained, though I knew his means of locomotion had given out, he tied the horse to a nearby tree and sat on a bank at the roadside with the skipper. He took a nip from my whisky flask, and shook his head when I suggested that he trust the horse for the rest of the journey.

"No," he said decidedly, "I'll walk. I'd be a different man to-day if I hadn't been hurt. I said to myself, 'em, but—' He paused, and I knew by his intonation that I had unwittingly uprooted an old memory.

"You may not believe it," was the way he opened, "but I was once a handsome young fellow like yourself. Look at me now."

Perhaps the unexpected compliment disconcerted me, but it was fully thirty seconds before I realized that I had been gazing straight into Captain Barrett's face. And what did I see? An ancient mariner with rather sharp features, a grizzly white beard and bright little eyes set so deep beneath bushy brows that they were nearly hidden by the brim of his rusty, black slouch hat. His loose-fitting, faded blue coat, blue and the coat sleeves were turned half way back to the elbows—a habit not uncommon among sailorsmen. He wasn't a bad looking old man, if you forgot his legs, and he might very well have been a clean-cut, powerful young chap. I was thinking, when he brought me to my present position, that I was looking at a man with a gorgeous bandanna neckerchief. I fancy I must have colored at my unintentional rudeness, and Captain Barrett did not add to my comfort when he remarked:

"Yes, you can see I ain't much to look at now, and it's all because of a blamed horse."

I was at the point of assuring him that there was nothing odd about his appearance, but the opportunity was lost before I could frame the words.

"In the 'Civil war' days," he said hastily, "I used to run the blockade between Nassau and Wilmington, and I ain't no proud old fellow, but I was a snarler, a quartermaster in the business then, you truly. I had money in the bank, a pretty gal ashore, and everything was lovely until I joined the Plover. She was a hard luck vessel from the time she came out from Liverpool, and while she never got captured there was always something happening to her."

Captain Barrett paused to cut some tobacco and light his pipe. He always smoked a short clay nose-warmer, black and most wonderfully strong, and he had the supreme faculty of being able to talk without removing it from his lips.

"I ain't going to tell you about all the accidents that ship had," he said, while the smoke curled around his head; "I'm only going to tell the facts of one voyage. We left Nassau loaded so deep you could touch the water by leaning over the rail, and what we didn't haul aboard ain't worth mentioning. It was a black cat, said the skipper, and I would have agreed with him if it hadn't bin for a horse we had on deck. I had a feeling that he would make trouble, and I told the skipper so before they hoisted the animal aboard."

"I don't want to carry him," says the skipper, "but he's a beast from my owners for the time, and I'm a General Lee, and I've got to obey orders. Johnny," he says, "you feed and take care of him and I'll see that you get a bonus for the job."

"All right," I replies, not wanting to let any opportunity go by, "but I ain't going to be responsible if he kicks up."

"The skipper said that the animal was a charger, worth twice his weight in cotton, so I treated him as kind as I knew, though I wasn't cut out for a stable boy. We had him padded stall about the fo'c'sle, and there was plenty of straw for him to stand on. He got hay and oats three times a day, and he wasn't searish, but the first time he didn't know how to climb upon the deck when the roll came. If any horse got good care, that one did, but—"

Here Captain Barrett broke off to ask if horses were grateful animals, and I told him that I thought some of them were much more grateful than a good many human beings. If I read his expression correctly, he did not accept my view, but he continued without offering any comment.

"Well," he said, "the Plover got to within seventy-five miles of Wilmington about 3 o'clock one afternoon, and the skipper said he'd wait until night before trying to run through the Federal's. I ain't likely to forget that evening. It was about 6 when we got under way, and by 8 we had logged a good twenty-five miles. We couldn't have struck a better night for the run in. It was black as a tar bucket overhead, and there was just enough slap to the sea to muffle the sound of the paddle wheels."

"You couldn't have seen the Plover if you'd bin within twenty feet of her. We didn't have a light burning—not even a cigar. The engine room hatch-way was covered with tarpaulins, the decklights were out, and we had a curtain around the binna."

It was evident at the moment that Captain Barrett was living the run of the Plover over again, for he instinctively drew the fire from his pipe and crouched low at the side of the bank. He might have imagined himself doubled up behind the bulwarks for all I knew, and I did not disturb his

reverie. After muttering to himself a while he went on:

"We crept along nicely for another hour, and then I heard the skipper call for a cast of the lead. The Plover came to a dead halt, while I crept into the forecabin to sound. It was pretty dark, and I was a little out of breath, but I had a full head of steam and might have blown off; that would have given the whole game away. But she didn't do it, and the skipper said we were too far to the south after he looked at the sand that came up on the lead. So he changed her course two points and ran along east for thirty minutes or so. Then I cast again, and this time the skipper says: 'We'll head for shore.'"

"I was on the bridge straining my eyes, and it wasn't long before I seen a glimmer of light on the starboard bow. That's one of 'em, I said. Over went the wheel, and the Plover's head pointed away, but she'd no sooner turned when the first officer seen a long black steamer lying abeam on the port side, and he passed the word to the skipper. We knew right then that we was in the middle of the Federal fleet, but the skipper was a cool hand. He didn't get worried."

"Hard a port," he whispers; 'steady,' and steady it was. The Plover swung as handsome as a yacht, and we was just thinking that we wouldn't be seen, when a pleasant puff of wind came along. It seemed a cool, harmless little breeze as it struck our faces, full of green leaves and grass—a regular land zephyr, the skipper said, taking it into his lungs. 'We're getting in pretty close,' says I, while that breeze naturally drifted along the deck. I was thinking how they'd like to have a little of it in the hot engine room, when suddenly that hiss snorted. I'd clean forgotten all about him, and I didn't know what was the matter, but the skipper, who was in the forecabin, called out the ribs and says: 'He's smelling the land; stop him, and be quick about it.'"

"Stop him—how?" I asks, all fuddled in the head.

"The skipper give me another dig. 'You bally fool,' he hollers as loud as he dares; 'he's smelling the land; don't you know what that means? He's going to neight. Throw a tarpaulin over his head, smother him, do anything to him, but don't let him make a racket. We'll have the whole fleet firing at us.'"

My animal was calmly switching his tail while he munched the grass at his feet, and Captain Barrett watched him wonder how he said it.

"I nearly fell to the deck, I come down that ladder so quick," he said presently; "but I was too late. Just as I reached the stall another little breeze come along, and before I could get a tarpaulin that horse laid back his ears and opened his mouth. The noise he made was like a steam calliope, and it woke up every gunboat within five miles of us. Overhead the skipper was stamping his feet and cursing me and the horse in three languages."

"Git into the stall," he yells, and when he see me hesitate he picks up a musket. "Git in," he yells again, and I was so excited that instead of climbing over the stall at the horse's head I opens the door at his heels. You'd have thought after all I did for that horse he might have bin a little bit grateful; but no, he didn't even let me in the stall. He just lifted his legs and I didn't stop going till I hit a stanchion on the other side of the deck."

I had not the heart to tell Captain Barrett the excess of joy and not in gratitude, but I felt that I had been the cause of the animal's behavior, and I listened to him tell how guns boomed and flashed and shots whistled around the Plover, and how he did not lose consciousness until the batteries at Fort Fisher drove off the Federals and allowed the ship to run into safety.

"When I woke up again," he said, "I was in the hospital with both legs broke in two places. The doctors pulled me out 'em for weeks, but they couldn't get 'em straight, and that was the end of my career as a lively sailor man. I'll say it for the skipper that he treated me white, even if he did nearly lose his ship and his life for me. I was the real cause of that I got enough money to keep me to the end of my days."

"After a time I came back to New York to see my gal, and I thought at first that she was going back on me."

"Johnny," she says, 'what ha' you bin doing to yourself? What's the matter with your legs? They're nearly broke, ain't they?'

"I had 'em broke by a horse," says I.

"Why, I didn't know you worked in a lively stable," she says, 'I thought you was a sailor'."

"So I am," I replies, but before I could explain she breaks in:

"You landlubber, you've bin deceiving me, you landlubber, and you'd better git out of my sight at once."

"I didn't quite know whether she was in earnest or not, but I thought I saw a twinkle in her eyes, and so I waited, and presently she come over and put her arms around my neck."

"Johnny," she says, 'tell me all about it, and I'll tell you how I'll marry me if I wouldn't have nothing more to do with horses.'"

"If you've got to be kicked about," was the way she put it, 'I'd sooner do it myself, and we made a bargain right there.'"

Captain Barrett rose and looked at his watch.

"It's pretty near time I was walking," he remarked. "I wouldn't mind taking a chance behind that horse of yours, but Minnie, that's my wife, ain't seen fit to kick me about yet, and I ain't going back on my word till she says so." B. Hayward in New York Evening Post.

LIVING TOO HASTILY

AMERICAN WOMEN BREAKDOWN
Irregularities and Female Derangements Result. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Owing to our mode and manner of living, and the nervous haste of every woman to accomplish just so much each day, it is said that there is not one woman in twenty-five but what suffers with some derangement of the female organism, and this is the secret of so many unhappy homes.

No woman can be amiable, light-hearted and happy, a joy to her husband and children, and perform the duties incumbent upon her, when she is suffering with backache, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, bearing-down pains, displacement of the womb, spinal weakness or ovarian troubles.

Irritability and snappy retorts take the place of pleasantness, and all sunshine is driven out of the home, and lives are wrecked by woman's great enemy—nervous trouble.

Read this letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I was troubled for eight years with irregularities which broke down my health and brought on extreme nervousness and despondency. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound proved to be the only medicine which helped me. Day by day I improved in health while taking it until I was entirely cured. I am now a healthy and happy woman, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, without an ache or a pain." Mrs. Chester Curry, 42 Saratoga Street, East Boston, Mass.

At the first indication of ill health, painful or irregular menstruation, pain in the side, headache, backache, bearing-down pains, nervousness or "the blues," secure at once a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

THE FISHING SEASON.

With her lakes freeing themselves from the embraces of winter Maine is preparing for the hundreds of anglers who come year after year to enjoy the fishing she can give. Other recreations may grow fast to the taste but the fondness for fishing outlives the physical capacity to enjoy it. The man who does not go a-fishing has always ready a jibe for the fisherman. His favorite is the definition of the sturdy Doctor Johnson, "angling is an amusement with a stick and string, with a foot at one end and a hook at the other." The doctor might have added to his tongue and thousands quote this dictum who never heard of him. It is a little surprising, however, that a man who possessed the patience to compile single-handed a dictionary of the English language should not have had much sense enough to enjoy fishing.

When I "one grog" field was won like another, I was born to live among brick and mortar and the joys of the angler were not for him.

The fisherman cares not at all for the scuffer. He knows what the woods and streams hold for him; age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of his favorite sport. Daniel Webster was of the right stripe. "This is better than wasting time in the Senate," he would say on landing a good sized trout. It was while fishing for trout at Marshfield he composed that famous passage on the survival of veterans for his first Burial Hill address. He would pull a lucky specimen, it is said, shouting: "Venerable! Venerable! He has been down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day." Then he would unhook them into his basket, declaiming, "You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example." Fishing for cod he rehearsed the passage on Lafayette when he hooked a very large cod, and as he pulled his nose above water exclaimed: "Welcome! all hail! and thrice welcome, citizen of two hemispheres. It is no wonder that Massachusetts and the whole North where he was known revered an angler like Webster. There are those today who would hate to vote against Grover Cleveland remembering his skill as a fisherman and his devotion to the sport. His rhetoric may be like a herd of lumbering elephants, but when he writes of the joys of fishing, the ex-president soars to heights no tariff measure ever equalled.

And so for the next few months the eyes of the country will be upon Maine. The telegraph will carry the glad message when the ice goes out and many a true sportsman unable, maybe, to come himself, will grow in spirit over the joys he is missing. The visiting angler will come among some of the loveliest nooks on earth. Far away from the smoke and dust of the cities he will taste to the full of the cheapest, most healthful and agreeable outdoor recreation that exists.—Portland Advertiser.

Hot Weather Piles.
Persons afflicted with Piles should be careful at this season of the year. Hot weather and bad drinking water contribute to the conditions which make Piles more painful and dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve stops the itching, draws out the soreness and cures. Get the genuine, bearing the name of E. C. DeWitt & Co. Sold by R. H. Moody.

A Message.
North! To the North—all the robins are hieing, Wild geese and bluebirds proclaiming the spring.
Down by the brook catkins are flying, Phoebe and blue jays attempting to sing, Stirs the sweet sap in the veins of the apple.
Heart of the crocus is showing its gold, Soon blossoms will burgeon on cherry and apple.
Sweet secrets of nature in spring time unfold.
North! To the North—all the south winds are blowing, Bearing Love's message to bird and to bee, Loosing the fetters that binds the brook's flowing,
Waking the dormant and setting life free. Heart! Will thou heed what the wild things say, Then hastie to the lake bordered land of the pine, Soul shall meet soul and forever go straying.
Through daisy strewn fields of eternal springtime.
—Irene Pomeroy Shields in May Recreation.

Literary News and Notes.

Recreation for May presents an entirely different appearance from the old Recreation. Wonderful changes have been made by Dan Beard, the new editor, and the magazine is fast giving promise of being the leader of the outdoor publications. There is a full complement of fishing and hunting stories, and the departments are unusually large and filled with items of interest to the photographer, automobilist, tennis player, traveler and sportsman.

Mr. Craig S. Thoms tells a number of interesting things about young birds in the New Idea Woman's Magazine for June, and speaks of the significant intonations of a bird's voice as follows:

"If one happens near a nest at a time when the young birds are able to come off, and gives it so much attention that the parent birds are alarmed for the safety of their nestlings, they call their young to leave the nest with a note I have never heard under any other circumstances. It is not a note of alarm, scolding or pleading, as when the young are helpless, but one of command, and command that has no room for discouragement, and also the assurance of being obeyed. This command the nestlings recognize instantly, and they know its meaning; they also obey it, if possible. I have seen a brood of sparrows transformed in a moment by its force, contented nestlings to animated, restless, bounding spirits that one could not keep in the nest except by main force."

Better and better is the motto, evidently of The American Boy. Nothing ever attempted in the line of literature for boys quite equals this sterling, high class monthly. Baseball is the keynote to the May American Boy, as is hinted on its front cover. The noted baseball player of olden times, A. G. Spaulding, contributes the first part of a story of the origin of baseball. The fiction includes a Boy's adventure with a Piu Condor, a Decoration Day story entitled, "The Ministration of a Child," a fishing story, "Tow-Head and the Old He-One," the first chapter of a story, "A Page Without a Pull," whose hero is a page in the United States Congress; an exciting adventure in the North American woods, "How Adam Nugent Brought the Mail," a story of humor, "The Conquest of Mickey McCloskey," and a number of short stories. With its entertaining and instructive departments and numerous illustrations it would be difficult to conceive of a boy's paper of more general interest than the paper before us. It is a real treat. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

When doctors fail try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation, invigorates the whole system.

To Encourage Forest Planting.

All land owners are entitled to assistance from the Bureau of Forestry at Washington in establishing commercial forest plantations, shelter breaks, wind-breaks, etc., and in reclaiming shifting sands and other waste lands by forest planting. Persons wishing aid should first make application to the bureau, and after this is accepted, agents will be sent out as soon as practicable to examine the land of the applicant, in order to determine the advisability of forest planting upon it. The government does not, however, furnish the seeds or trees for planting. It only pays the necessary expenses of its agents while the plan is being made.

Those desiring assistance should make their application to the forester by letter, specifying the State, county, township, range and section in which the planting is contemplated. Address Chief Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The plan to be planted should also be named and the time the applicant desires to have the planting begin. Applications received during fall and winter are not likely to receive attention before the following season, owing to the impracticability of field work in the winter.

The planting plan contains detailed and comprehensive instruction for the necessary forest planting on the area examined, and a copy of it with all the essential measurements, maps, etc., is sent the owner upon its completion. If the area under consideration be small, the agent will when the planting is advisable, prepare a planting plan before leaving the area, and the plan will be embodied in a late report to the owner. After the plan is recommended and agreed to by the owner, the bureau will, as soon as practicable, undertake the detailed work of planting. Any owner who receives a plan and does not understand it should apply to the bureau at once for further information.

Cleanse your system of all impurities this month. Now is the time to take Hollister's well known. 33 cents. Tea or Tablets. R. H. Moody.

Hatched in a Book.

'Neath the sunken rock by the waterside
The old black bass and his children hide.
Just as the day fades into night
An angler takes a lonely fly.

The cast is true, the drop is light,
A young bass lifts a hungry eye.
But the hook-seared veteran bars the way
You see if you can't get him free.

There's quite a sharp hook—
Swim free of the fly that is hatched in a book.
—Norman Jeffries in May Recreation.

Going to Housekeeping?

It so, come in and look at the

Barstow Range

**It Saves Coal!
It Saves Time!
It Saves Labor!**

FOR SALE BY

JOHN B. STICKNEY, Belfast, Maine.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1905.

A certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Dolly Kendall, late of Winterville, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having been presented for probate.

Ordered, That notice be given to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, published at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the 13th day of June, A. D. 1905, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved and allowed.

A true copy. Attest: GEO. E. JOHNSON, Judge.

CHAS. F. HAZELTINE, Register.

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BY HART L. WOODCOCK.

lake and into the swamp at its foot to look for moose signs, which he wished to locate before the hunting season opened. I was sitting quietly on the rock waiting for some big clouds which were sailing over the mountain to give me a chance to get a good splash in the black water behind brought me around with a jerk just in time to see a big trout take a second jump for a miller, which was fluttering about just a bit too high. I saw him plainly as with mouth agape and his polished scales flashing in the sunlight he sprang eagerly up and out of the water ending his flight in the coveted rock. He was a long way off, sixty feet or more. Had I the skill to reach him? He was hungry, no doubt of that, and would take a fly eagerly if it was properly handled. A smaller fish could be easily fooled but that old fellow, if I hoped to secure him, must have the fly dropped over it in a single instant. I waited for the opportunity only chance. So carefully and deliberately I began casting in his direction putting out more line each time, thirty, forty, fifty feet. At the last cast the feathers dropped lightly down just right, and a heavy swirl ten feet beyond showed I had stirred him. Now all attention, and with heart beating wildly I waited for him to come again, knowing that if I could land it in exactly the same place I should find the fish under it. I felt sure of that. With all the skill at my command I sent the delusive bunch of feathers out and again they dropped lightly down in the desired spot. From where I stood I saw him rising, a flash of brown and gold, some below and his greedy jaws closed over the bait with a snap. I struck and struck hard, setting the hook firmly into his upper jaw, a fighting hook but a secure one as it proved. There was but sixty feet of line on my reel and fifty of that was now out. A run of ten feet away from me and my line was taut. I was sure of my good luck the first rush was my gain, in fact he doubled so quickly, giving me slack line despite my utmost endeavor to take it in, that I thought I had lost him, but no, he was there, and the second rush was straight down the pond. So far he wanted it seemed he never would tire. He went all yard after yard through the rings that the reel was singing a merry tune in response. This would never do; the line I had secured was fast disappearing. I must stop this mad flight and stop it now. I jammed my thumb hard down on the silk and gave him the butt of the rod for all it was worth. Would the gear hold? He was kicking and bent double under the strain and the line straight out, vibrating, but it held. Slowly the fish turned and I reeled in as long as I could keep him coming. Finally he went to bottom and sulked. After a few minutes he recovered himself; then came rush after rush in different directions. From my position on the boulder I kept him as well as I could. He worked among some big sunken rocks well in shore. A few minutes sharp and careful work, however, got him back into deep water. He now began showing signs of weakness, his runs were shorter, and after a final mad effort out into the lake he came to the surface and turning over onto his side he went to the bottom. I was glad to see the rock. Now the question was, how could I land him? The net was in the boat with Chadbourne. I had forgotten to take it out, and he was a mile or more away down in the swamp. Here I perched up on a boulder out in the lake, hitched to a four pound trout which was naturally excited, and waited for the smaller fish to come edging up onto the ledge, but how about this one? One careless move and he was lost to me. He was sure to make trouble the moment he touched the rock; however, I must do something. The back side of the ledge was slanting toward the shore. Evidently this was my only chance. I slipped a glove in my pocket; then I slipped into my right hand, then slowly and carefully I slid the fish up to the rock. As I expected, the instant he touched it he was off like a flash. Several times I got him up only to have him struggle back into deep water again. Finally, by holding him up to the surface, I was able enough to seize him just back of the gills. My glove prevented slipping, giving me a firm hold, so that despite his struggles I held him hard down on the rock until he gave up. The fish certainly was a beauty. It was a male, and being so near the spawning season, he was kicking and struggling. I fastened him to my belt with a string and then began casting again, but as the wind was now blowing hard I could do but little and was glad to see Chad working his way up the lake to where I stood. After reaching the head of the pond we landed and went up on the side of the mountain, fell a good way, and the valley came back to the lean-to where we had a lunch of fried trout, cooked only as a Maine guide can cook them.

After a smoke we packed up, carefully extinguished the fire, and were back into camp in ample time for supper.

How to Save Money and Health.

Most people have some trouble with their health which they would like cured if it could be done easily and cheaply. Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., has cured thousands of such cases. In curing nervous and chronic diseases, makes the following offer: He gives you the privilege of consulting him, free of charge, for a week, and if you do not feel better, he will refund your money. He gives you his spontaneous. Write him just how you feel and what symptoms trouble you. He will answer your letter, explaining your case thoroughly, and telling you what to do, and how to get strong and well. He gives the most careful attention to every letter, and makes his explanations so clear that you understand exactly what your complaint is, and for all this you pay nothing. You do not leave your home and have no doctor's fee to pay. The Doctor makes a specialty of treating patients through letter correspondence, and is having wonderful success. He is the discoverer of that celebrated medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. If you write him at once you will doubtless be cured.

PLANTING A TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants a flag of breezes free;
He plants a banner of the rainbow high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh.
For song and mother-orchard of bird,
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The trouble of the heart is hallowed there,
And for all this you pay nothing.
The treasure he plants he plants a tree.
What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the heart of the world;
The harvest of the coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaves and wood
In love and hope and faith and good
And far-cast thought of evil good,
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds the seed of the world's good,
Whose nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

The Sisters of Mercy

of the Sacred Heart Hospital, Manchester, N. H., say: "We used Comfort Powder on a lad suffering with eczema and intolerable itching. I brought quick relief, and sleep." "The itching was relieved, the eczema shields free from odor, he surely got Comfort Powder, it is so far superior to ordinary talcum powder."

Extreme Weakness of Nerves an after-effect of Fever. Mr. Wm. G. Suffer Six Months of Misery Caused by General Disorder of his Nervous System.

Typhoid is sometimes called nervous fever. During the course of the fever the patient is always profoundly disturbed, and when it terminates there are so sensitive against all excitement. In the tonic treat not only the debilitated, regard must be paid to strengthening the nerves. The flesh will do both, make sound food but also procure and give new vigor to feeble nerves. It is the most important economic remedy.

Mr. Worth has had valuable experience by which other sufferers may profit. He says: "I had a severe attack of typhoid fever last winter, got over the fever, but remained very weak. I suffered during spring and summer. My heart palpitated, my exertion became difficult, numbness in both hands was experienced for fully six months. As I did not grow out of it, did not in fact see the slightest improvement as time passed, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and endeavor to get back my strength and my command over my nerves. A statement in the papers about a very remarkable cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills impressed me so much that I concluded to make a trial of them in my own case."

"Almost as soon as I did so, I found that I was using the right remedy for my troubles. They helped me regain my health, and I could see decided improvement before I had finished the first box. I kept on taking them for several weeks and when I stopped they purified the blood and cured my rheumatism; Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a most valuable remedy, and I am in the habit of recommending them to others who are afflicted as I was."

The following are some of the many known, and justly praised. It is one of their great merits that they supply strength to muscles and nerves at the same time that they purify the blood and counteract the action of bodily organs. Nothing could be better for forwarding recovery from debilitating diseases such as typhoid. They create what we call the necessary condition for all sound health, and they do all this better than any other known remedy.

Thousands of testimonies from all parts of the world agree in supporting that of Mr. Charles Worth, whose home is at East Vassalboro, Maine. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remedy to use when the blood is thin or watery, or too impure, as in rheumatism; or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia; or lifeless, as in partial paralysis; or when the body as a whole is ill nourished, as in general debility. When the blood is full of poisons, as in scurvy, or they are starving. The only way to feed them is through the blood, and the best food is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are sold by all druggists.

MAINE TROUT AND SALMON

[J. N. Taylor in the Boston Globe.]

With the vanishing of the ice from Lake Sebago and some of the goodly waters in other parts of Maine, a fortnight or so ago, the half-year period of inaction for the angler came to a long and impatiently waited close. Many of the trout brooks in this State were open for lime wetting weeks earlier, but for those who delight in trolling for big square tails and land-locked salmon there was no opportunity until Sebago partly picked the lock of frost and gave up more than a score of salmon one Monday forenoon when the wind blew cold enough to threaten another freeze. The largest was a 14-pounder, killed by the man named Brunell, but everything of interest clinging to that first day has already been told.

Much has been done throughout New England and especially in Maine, to meet the ever increasing demand for cod fishing by the medium-well-to-do and wealthy Americans, who are figuratively battling toes against heels in their efforts to get to the wilds, for a time at least, each year. Maine has more than half a dozen extensive fish hatcheries where trout and land-locked salmon, togue and white fish are year-old lengths, and in addition the U. S. government supports two big hatcheries and a substation for the propagation of inland water denizens and the Atlantic salmon. Twenty years or so ago there were less than half a score lakes in the State, where land-locked salmon could be bred in large numbers, and now there are thirty, but the fact is that originally this superb finny aristocrat was indigenous to but four. They were found in Sebago and three lakes of the Sebec, the Penobscot and the St. Croix systems. Sebago, which is in the Presumpscott system, is the largest, and the best, being said to be the largest of the land-locked salmon in the State, but other lakes like Auburn and the Rangeleys, are now coming to the fore with fish quite as bulky.

Frequently there occurs among anglers a dispute as to whether or not the land-locked salmon was originally a fresh-water creature, or if he has been introduced from the sea. This has been said and written on this subject without any satisfactory conclusion being reached. Those who contended that the land-locked salmon is a fresh water habitation direct attention to the raw fact that in many waters where they abound, notably in eastern Maine and western New Brunswick, New Brunswick and lake St. John region waters, there is nothing to prevent them from returning to the sea, which, it is contended, they certainly would do were they full brothers to the Atlantic salmon.

Others, the other hand, disputants who hold to the theory that these fishes at some remote period got into fresh water and couldn't find their way out again, assert that it is only in waters at the heads of streams or rivers to which the sea salmon actually resort now, or did in the past, that the land-locked species are to be found.

There is much to be said for a success in stocking probably not equaled by any other State in the Union. There was an immense amount of discouragement encountered by those who first attempted to interest the legislature in the artificial propagation of fish, but facts brought to bear on those who at first looked upon such a scheme as moonshine and wasteful resulted in the establishment of a lone hatchery. First attempts at stocking were with fry, which, of course, were quickly gobbled up by everything from a horn-pout to a pickerel.

When at last the vexing discouragement of the lack of inch-long trout and salmon in the State's waters finally came home to the commissioners, they took the kind of a mule, they changed their methods. Lakes and ponds were screened at the outlets to prevent newly introduced fish from wandering away to other places and stocking was begun. The real reason why the sea salmon and trout was begun. This method, backed up by a close time on brooks emptying into stocked waters, and the prohibition of ice fishing, brought about the desired result, and there are now in Maine nearly if not quite 200 lakes and ponds where the sea salmon and trout can be taken.

As for native trout waters, there are hundreds of them in lake, pond and stream formation, some of the Aroostook lakes teeming with one-half to one pounders, so greedy that two and three

will strike at a cast. The State supports eight hatcheries, the big one at Sebago lake being Raymond, on the northern shore of the lake, 20 miles from Portland. This little village was the boyhood home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist. The other hatcheries are the Rangeley lake, at Oquossoc, which is the Indian name for Rangeley; the Cobossecootee, at Rangeley; the Caribou Brook, at Winooski; the Moosehead Lake, at Squaw Brook, Moosehead; the Cold Stream hatchery, at Enfield, on the east bank of the Penobscot river, 35 miles from Bangor; the Lake Auburn, near Lewiston, and the Caribou hatchery, at Caribou, in Aroostook county. Besides these eight State hatcheries the U. S. government maintains three stations in the eastern part of the State.

On the first of last November the Sebago hatchery had left for wintering 167,000 young salmon, which will be distributed next fall, the Rangeley hatchery planted 49,657 salmon, the Lake Umbagog distributed to various waters 84,800, and turned over to the Lake Auburn fish protective association, for planting in Lake Auburn 98,000. Lake Cobossecootee hatchery planted last November 138,031 trout and salmon, and carried over to winter 83,380. The Caribou Brook hatchery planted 72,256 salmon, and at the hatchery on Nov. 1 62,343, and is now experimenting with quinnet salmon hatched from a consignment of 100,000 eggs received from the U. S. government. The Caribou hatchery planted last year 137,000 salmon. The Cold Stream hatchery at Enfield is now preparing for the hatching of togue. Altogether, there were planted in the waters of Maine last year 1,084,594 fish most of which were trout and landlocked salmon.

On the first of last November there were 392,544 trout and landlocked salmon at the hatcheries, about 50,000 of which were planted before freeze-out. The rest were kept through the winter, and will be turned loose next fall, by which time they will have attained a length of from six to eight inches. It is the policy of the fish and game commissioners of Maine to winter as many trout and salmon as the hatcheries can comfortably care for, as youngsters from six to eight inches in length are quick enough with tail and fin to get away from the predatory prowlers to be encountered when turned loose to shift for themselves.

During the year ending in June, 1903, the U. S. government furnished either seedlings or yearling landlocked salmon to more than 75 lakes and ponds in Maine. Such stocking ought to keep the fishing all the time prime, but there is no doubt whatever about the large annual increase of fishermen. Were it not for judicious stocking there would soon be no hope for the sport, but it is believed that the hatcheries and a strict enforcement of the laws will be able to keep the reputation of Maine trout and salmon lakes from suffering very serious deterioration.

Fleshy Persons

Often perspire profusely, suffer much from heat, catch badly and have tender feet. Mrs. E. A. Goodwin, of Lynn, Mass., is such a person. She says, "Comfort Pow is the best thing I recommend to all my friends." It cures all skin irritations, tender, aching feet, and keeps dress shields sweet.

HOW INSECTS MIMIC NATURE.

In the world of nature one method whereby the weak are enabled to escape the strong and the cowards to elude the brave consists in a protective imitation of surrounding objects. For the same reason that a woodsman has had himself in green ever since the days of Robin Hood, many insects have adopted liveries that harmonize closely with the flowers and the trees upon which they habitually repose. So numerous and so effective is this device that even the professional collector is often deceived. Instances of this form of concealment are well-nigh innumerable. The *Catocala* moth, a widely distributed genus, is conspicuous enough in flight; but once it rests on a tree-trunk, flattened against the bark, its wings so perfectly will be able to blend beneath the mottled gray for which it defies discovery. So accurately has nature painted and spotted the orange wings to imitate the effect of rough bark that the most vigilant enemy of the moth must pass it by. Often the adaptation is so refined that these moths are so far from being able to be so easily lost than another, because of a particular kind of tree is usually selected for feeding or for rest. Thus we find a species of *Catocala* that looks for all the world like a piece of birch bark, even to the blotches of black. A certain South American beetle is found on the kind of tree only, and is so marvellously well assimilated to the bark that it can be discovered only when it stirs. Some caterpillars that live on trees resemble the lichens and mosses of bark, the imitation being so true that the tuft-like appearance of such growths is produced. The numerous species of the tiger beetle, all vary in color to suit their surroundings, some having the sandy color of the seashore where they are found; some simulating the green, wet, slimy stones on which they crawl; and some finding protection in a dun-colored disguise that is an accurate reproduction of the color of the leaf-stems and for which they where they abound. They are all of one family—these beetles; and yet no two species are exactly alike in hue. To escape its enemies each has donned a mask best suited for its purpose in its struggle for existence.—Walkden B. Kämpfert in the May Booklovers Magazine.

Aroostook Land Purchase.

At the last session of the Legislature the following act was passed: "An act to enable the county of Aroostook to purchase and acquire title to lands adapted to agricultural purposes in said county."

The following question will be submitted to the voters of the county at a town meeting, on Nov. 17, which day has been appointed by the county commissioners: "Shall the county of Aroostook purchase lands and open them up for settlement, and for this purpose issue bonds of the county to an amount equal to 1 per cent. of the valuation of the county?"

A Family Friend for Thirty Years

Dear Sirs:—

We have used "L. F." Medicine for the last thirty years and always keep it in the house. Could not do without it. It's the best *spring medicine* I can find.

H. H. FARNHAM,
812 Water St., Gardiner, Me.,
Feb. 23, 1904.

The "True L. F." Atwood's Bitters cure dyspepsia and headaches; prevent colics. A family friend you can depend upon.

HOME SUPPLY CO.,
Dept. 4, Augusta, Me.

SEAFORTH LOCALS.

E. M. Glidden is at home for his annual vacation.

Hon. A. E. Nickerson is in Portland on business.

Walter Towers is at home for a short vacation.

Mrs. Jas. P. Butman arrived from New York Tuesday.

Miss Gertrude E. Bowen has returned to Castine Normal school.

Dr. Jackson of Everett, Mass., was in town on business last week.

Miss Myra Ordway of Boston has opened her summer home, "The Lindens."

Mrs. Charles Whittier of Bangor is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. T. Pendleton.

Mrs. S. Stevens, who has been visiting in Bangor, returned by boat Monday.

Mrs. Clara Eyre of New York is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Clara Blanchard.

Benson McLaughlin and Rupert Colcord are janitors of Union Hall for the coming year.

Sch. C. B. Clark, Capt. Robinson, is in with a cargo of coal for the Seaboard Coal Co.

Mr. George Thomas of Hebron was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. T. P. Williams last week.

Mrs. W. T. C. Rannels returned Monday from a visit with her son in Newburyport, Mass.

Ship E. B. Sutton, Capt. J. P. Butman, sailed from New York, May 9th, for Penang, Singapore.

Elder Freeman Merrithew of Corinna, Me., is the guest of his brother, Mr. Chas. Merrithew.

Mrs. Mary T. Rogers of Redlands, Calif., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hannah T. Pendleton.

Mrs. V. T. Lathbury is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lyons in Ellsworth, Mass.

The Grand officers of the State Lodge, I. O. O. F., are to meet with the Lodge here May 22nd.

Mrs. Mary Perkins has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Stephenson, in Orrington, Me.

Engineer E. H. Doyle of Caribou has taken Mr. Little's place on the Mack's Point survey.

J. H. Bradbury arrived by steamer Sunday morning and will spend the summer with his family here.

A number of our young people attended the dance in Stockton last Friday evening and report a delightful time.

Miss Agnes Ward, who is teaching in the Grammar school, spent last Saturday and Sunday at her home in Prospect.

There will be a contribution at the Congregational church next Sunday morning for the Cong'l Publishing Society.

Capt. and Mrs. D. S. Goodell, who have been at the Seaboard House the past week, left Saturday for their home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ward, who have been visiting Mrs. Ward's aunt, Mrs. Glidden, returned to their home in Presque Isle Friday.

Miss Lucia Edwards arrived by steamer Sunday morning, and is exhibiting a fine new line of dry and fancy goods at her store.

Mrs. Zylpha Doane, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Grinnell, returned to her home at Harwichport, Mass., Saturday.

E. H. Gowing and J. A. Moore of Boston and Gen. Wm. T. Haines of Waterville were in town on Tuesday in the interests of the waterworks.

Robert Nichols, who has been on the St. John division of the Eastern Steam Ship Co., is transferred to Stur. City of Rockland of the Bangor division.

Arbor day was observed in a small way in the school here. The seniors of the high school planted a fine maple on the grounds to commemorate the class of 1905.

F. C. Whitcomb was in Boston last week in the interest of his ice cream business. He has made arrangements to have his cream shipped from Boston by express daily.

The annual ride of the Seniors of the Seaboard High School came off last Saturday, regardless of wind and weather. The weather was a bit depressing, but their courage was good and the ride to Mt. Waide was reported a huge success.

At a meeting of the cemetery association held at G. A. Hall last Friday evening, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: J. W. Black, president; Clifford Whitman, vice president; Miss Ella Hopkins, secretary; Mrs. J. C. Hunter, treasurer; executive committee, A. M. Ross, G. A. Bowen and J. H. Sullivan; L. W. Wentworth, superintendent. The superintendent was instructed to begin operations at once.

NORTH SEAFORTH ITEMS.

Hazel and Annie Smart are attending school in Brooks.

Mrs. Rich of East Belfast is the guest of Edmond Ames.

Wm. R. Thompson was in Belfast last week on business.

Wm. Ames is at work with his team for the N. M. S. R. R.

Fred Nickerson has secured a situation in the shoe factory in Belfast.

Mrs. A. E. Nickerson of Waldo was in town Sunday visiting relatives.

Herbert Black has bought a large span of horses of a man in Montville.

James W. Smart has sold his meat cart and route to Fred Curtis of Swanville.

Mrs. Fred Lowe of Frankfort was in town last week visiting at Walter Moody's.

F. E. Stinson recently built a new store which adds to the beauty of our little village.

Charles Thompson has returned from Cape Jellison, where he has been employed on the railroad.

Harold Seekins, who received a severe cut on one of his arms and a nearly bled to death, is improving rapidly.

J. H. Kneeland and Loomis Eames of Seaboard were on the road last week buying wool. They pay 25 cents per pound.

Mrs. J. W. Smart and daughter, Miss Lillian, were in Frankfort last week visiting Mrs. Smart's daughter, Mrs. Eugene Tripp.

DODGE'S CORNER. Fred Dean and friend from Massachusetts are spending their vacation at the Rogers cottage. Mrs. Anna Nickerson is visiting in town, Mass.

George E. Chapin has bought a new Swampscott dory to use on the lake. Mrs. Adelbert Nickerson and son visited her aunt, Mrs. W. J. Matthews, the first of the week.

SWANVILLE.

Mr. E. L. Nickerson, who has been at his farm the past two weeks, returned to his home in Portland Saturday. Miss Lillian Phillips is at home from Belfast for a few days. Miss Mary Stevens arrived home from Waterville Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Emory Cunningham went to Bangor May 10, and returned the same day, accompanied by their granddaughter, Carrie Cunningham.

Mrs. Sarah Crockett of Portland is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Parsons. Miss Kate Smith of Brooks is in town for a few days. Rev. A. A. Smith will speak at the church in the future at 10 p. m. every Sunday. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m. All school and pupils in district 3 and 4 observed Arbor day by planting three trees and making other improvements in the school yard. Sylvanus Nickerson's children and grandchildren met with him May 10, to celebrate his 91st birthday. Mrs. Catherine Colcord of Portland visited her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Nickerson, Sunday.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box, 25c.

It is

Baking Powder

Delicious Biscuit,
Griddle Cake
and Doughnut

STOCKTON SPRINGS.

Mrs. Lewis Barratt has moved his family here from Newport, Maine.

Miss Ann Thompson left Saturday for Boston, to spend some time with her nieces.

Capt. F. H. Clifford has received from our board of selectmen the appointment as harbor master.

Our enterprising dry goods merchant, J. G. Lauber, is showing new goods for spring and summer use.

The meeting of the Current Events Club will take place Wednesday afternoon, May 24th, with Mrs. Charles C. Park.

Miss Clara Studley of Rockland arrived Sunday to remain a week with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Bion B. Sanborn.

Capt. Melvin E. Colcord reached home last Friday evening, to remain for an indefinite time, having sold his vessel in New York.

Our new milliners, Mrs. D. W. Kerst and Mrs. Mooney, are lodging at Mr. Henry Overlook's and taking meals at F. H. Cousens.

The "clearance sale" at the store of the late E. F. Staples continues. The stock is being rapidly closed out at twenty per cent discount.

Mrs. A. V. Nickels, who just returned from Florida and South Carolina, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. D. W. Nickels of Seaboard, called last Thursday on relatives here.

Capt. L. M. Partridge drove down street last Thursday, his first venture since his nervous illness. He expects to strengthen faster as warm weather comes to cheer our northern clime.

Mayor Charles S. Hichborn of Augusta spent Saturday and Sunday with his sisters in his boyhood's home. He hails the coming of the N. M. S. R. R., as a great blessing to Stockton.

Mrs. A. S. Costigan joined her daughter, Mrs. Ada Appleton, in Brewster last week, both coming Saturday to spend Sunday with Mrs. Paulina Collins. They left Monday for their home in Dorchester, Mass.

Our Sunday evening service was well attended and the large congregation listened to a remarkably fine sermon from Rev. A. A. Smith. Sunday we shall have Rev. E. H. Chapin of Rockland in our pulpit, in exchange with Rev. Mr. Smith.

Capt. G. W. Hichborn of Seaboard visited his mother, Mrs. Robert Hichborn, last week, for the first time since his recent nervous illness in New York. He hoped he may find his health permanently benefited by his surgical treatment.

Col. Charles Lewis, with A. P. Sleeper and E. H. Hunting of Camden were at F. H. Cousens' for several days recently. These gentlemen constitute the "Oceanic Land Co.," dealing in real estate in this town.

The Friday evening dance in Denslow hall, with Keyes' orchestra to furnish music, was largely attended. Eighty-five couples were on the floor at once. Three hundred loads of Belfast High school students participated in the gaieties.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Libby of Lincoln have leased the hotel of Capt. M. E. Colcord, and announce that they will open for business as soon as the necessary renovations have been completed. The restaurant which they intended establishing in Masonic Hall has been given up, since the decision to take the hotel.

President Cram of the N. M. S. railroad, accompanied by Mr. Smith from New York, the latter reputed to be a financial magnate of the railroad development, spent Thursday in our harbor, in a steam yacht. They left next day, returning Sunday and remaining over Monday. Mr. S. expressed himself greatly pleased with our scenery and harbor.

Mr. I. K. Stetson and Mr. Edward Wyman of Bangor came in an automobile last Sunday to inspect the growing pier at Cape Jellison, and the advancing road bed of the railroad, in which all are so interested. Chief Engineer Burpee accompanied them from the village to the Cape. The wharf is to be extended 400 feet farther in a diagonal line from the Leonard Staples shore, and then carried 1000 feet toward Squaw point, following the contour of the land, yet leaving behind the structure a space for convenient berths for small vessels. Four tracks are to run my the wharf, which, from its solid construction and great size, indicates the large volume of business expected on its completion. The work along the road bed is daily progressing, the advance crew on the Cape is working on Bran's point and the workmen on this side the mill bridge are elevating the road bed several feet. The preparations for the "Y" are going forward in the Pancho field, and soon these sections will be united. In the village the cut into the bank east of Middle street has been widened and extended through the street, which has been discontinued for the present at the lower end. The "old tomb" has disappeared, the cut, twelve feet deep, running directly through its former site. East of School street laborers are steadily filling up the depression toward "the gullies," at which latter point either bridging or extensive filling up will be necessary. No one can realize without seeing the vast deal of work required to fix the grade of a railroad.

BURNHAM.

April 30th of Eugene Young, died about 37 years. She was a great sufferer. She leaves to mourn their loss a husband and seven children, the youngest an infant.

Wilber Reynolds, our champion potato raiser, has leased five acres of land of Wm. Reynolds and will plant it to potatoes. He will also plant ten acres on his home farm.

Frank P. Hunter has opened a grocery store at the Reynolds' Corner. Otis Reynolds was on the sick list last week, requiring the attendance of a physician. He is better at this writing. Norton Maloon, who has been sick for a long time, is improving. Miss Cora Reynolds has gone to Waterville to keep house for her uncle, Mr. Gorham Carr.

MORRILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Robie Mears left for Hoston last Wednesday, where, we learn, they will remain for some months. Mr. J. O. Blake has gone to Boston, where he finds employment. Herman Cross will work for his uncle, D. W. Dodge, in Freedom this summer.

Mrs. Mary Knowlton from the Head of the Tide called upon friends in town one day last week. Miss Ada Blood has gone to Augusta, where she is employed in the Insane Hospital. Freeman Kendall has sold his farm to Eugene Kendall and bought the Fred W. Daggett farm. Mr. Daggett will move his family to the Y. B. Paul farm soon. Miss Maggie Woods has returned from Augusta to nurse her mother, who is poorly. Mrs. Josie Savage of Augusta, who has been visiting her invalid mother, Mrs. Lewis Jackson, returned home lately. Mrs. Lydia Pratt is very ill at Mrs. E. E. Mears. The Waldo County Veteran Association meets in Morrill June 1st.

A Belfast Woman Asks

"Have you a floor paint that will last two weeks?" Yes, we have Devco's. It has a beautiful gloss and will wear years if properly applied. Mason & Hall.

SMITHTON (Freedom.)

George Bragdon is sick and we hear he has the measles. Addie Cross of Knox is sewing for Mrs. Florence Wentworth this week. Rev. and Mrs. Leach of China visited Otis Seavey and wife Saturday and Sunday, attending church at Halldale Sunday morning. Mr. Webb, an old gentleman who is boarding at Charles Cross is quite sick with the pneumonia. Simeon Bradstreet remains about the same. But very little playing has been done. The spring is so cold and backward. The R. F. D. starts here this week. The next is the telephone. Some of our hustling young men are confident we will have that before winter.

SWANVILLE CENTER.

Mrs. Clark Marden has been ill with a cold. The many friends of Isaac McKen will be pleased to learn that he has so far recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia as to be able to walk out on pleasant days. O. W. Whitcomb and Mrs. E. G. Smart of North Seaboard were guests of Mrs. H. P. White Thursday. John McKen is stone cutting at Mt. Waldo. Mrs. Norton of New Jersey is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Jennie. Mr. Gilbert Morrill of Brooks was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Beal, over Sunday. E. E. Clement and family of North Seaboard were guests of Mrs. H. P. White Sunday. The Sunday school began in the Young schoolhouse May 7th with the following officers: Supt., Mrs. Lulu Patterson; Secretary, Susan McKen; Treasurer, Mrs. James Moore; Librarian, Mabel Rose; Collector, Thomas Curtis; committee on concerts, Mrs. George Beals, Hattie Hartshorn and Mrs. Rose Walker. Mr. Ephraim Knowlton has a very intelligent dog, that will go to the house and carry water into the field for his master. Mr. Staples, who drives the R. F. D. route, says this dog always meets him every day for the mail to carry to his master and should be away he will guard it until his return. One day there was no mail, so Mr. Staples thought he would try to get it. He took the dog, but the dog took it in his mouth and threw it on the ground.

PROSPECT FERRY.

Meetings began in this place last Sunday and Rev. Mr. Hunter of Bucksport preached a very interesting sermon. Services will be held here during the summer at 2 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend. Wilton Clark of Lynn, Mass., is visiting relatives here. Mrs. John Perkins of Frankfort visited Mr. and Mrs. George Gruby last Sunday. Albert Avery came home from Bangor to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Avery. School began at Mr. Heagan's May 8th, Miss Annie Stetson of Bucksport teacher. Mr. and Mrs. George Gruby and Mr. Mike Ryder of Boston, Mass., arrived at their summer home here last Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Gruby will put the house in order for the summer and leave Mr. Ryder in charge for a few weeks until the hot weather comes on. Mrs. Harriet Perkins died May 8th, aged 80 years. She had been in her usual health up to Sunday morning, May 7th, when her daughter, Mrs. Emma Luke, found her on the floor suffering from a paralytic shock. Mrs. Perkins was a faithful wife and mother, a good neighbor, and will be greatly missed in the neighborhood. She leaves to mourn their loss, five children, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Perkins, Oliver of Penobscot, Mrs. Eliza Sells of Lowell, Mass., Frank of Milford, N. H., and Leonard of California; two grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Cora Perkins; one brother, Mr. Harry Perkins of Penobscot. The funeral services were held at her late home Thursday, May 11th, Rev. Wm. Forsythe of Bucksport officiating. Mrs. A. Avery, Mrs. W. W. Harriman sang two selections. Capt. A. Ginn and Mrs. Eugene Barnes had charge of the funeral arrangements. The burial was in the Narris Cemetery. The flowers were a large pillow from the children with the word "Mother," and cut flowers from Mrs. N. J. Heagan. The many friends of the family sympathize with them in their bereavement. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Perkins of Penobscot, Frank Perkins of Milford, N. H., and Mrs. Eliza Sells of Lowell, Mass., were called here last week by the death of their mother, Mrs. Harriet Perkins. Orin Luke, a grandson of Chemsford, Mass., was also here.

No Gloss Carriage Paint Made

will wear as long as Devco's. No others are as heavy bodied, because Devco's has more in it than the paint. Sold by Mason & Hall.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

May 12. Sch. Joanna Durgain, Brooks-ville.

May 14. Sch. Polly, Ryan, Stonington.

May 16. Sch. Sunnyside, Stonington.

SAILED.

May 13. Sch. Nawidgiaw, Robbins, Rockland.

AMERICAN PORTS.

New York, May 9. Ar. sch. E. L. Warren, Bangor; 10, ar. sch. Brigadier, Stonington; Modoc, South Amboy for Mt. Desert; old, bark Rose Innis, Guantanamo; 11, ar. schs. George Nebinger, Bangor; L. T. Whitmore, Stonington; Fred B. Balano, do; J. S. Beacham, Frankfort; F. C. Pendleton, South Amboy for Stonington; Merrill C. Hart, Elizabethport for Port Clyde; sch. E. E. Egan, Newport News; 12, ar. schs. Melissa Trask, Calais for Jersey City; Jennie A. Stubbs, Miragone; John L. Snow, Darien; Charlotte T. Sibley, Georgetown; 14, ar. sch. Henry R. Tilton, Stonington; 15, ar. schs. Mollie S. Look, Bangor; S. C. Look, Amboy for Bangor; old, sch. Jennie G. Pillsbury, Nassau.

Boston, May 9. Ar. sch. George V. Jordan, Alexandria, Va.; 10, ar. schs. J. Manchester Haynes, Charleston, S. C.; old, sch. Bangor; 13, ar. bark Addie Morrill, Philadelphia; old, sch. C. P. Dixon, Galveston, Baltimore; May 11. Ar. sch. Lelaide, Barbours, Punta Gorda; 12, ar. schs. T. Charlton Henry, Boston; Edward H. Cole, Port Tampa; 14, ar. sch. Harry T. Hayward, Bangor; 15, ar. sch. Horace A. Stone, Sargentville.

Gulfport, Miss., May 13. Ar. sch. Star of the Sea, Hempel, Ponce, P. R.

Jackville, May 15. Old, sch. Emma S. Lord, Irvington, N. Y.

Mouille, May 15. Ar. sch. Fred W. Ayer, Havana.

Portland, May 13. Ar. sch. Thomas Hix, Boston.

Bangor, May 10. Ar. sch. Paul Palmer, Newport News; old, schs. July Fourth, Boston; Polly, Stonington; 11, old, sch. Mary E. Paer, Hallowell; 12, ar. sch. Gov. Powers, Newport News; old, sch. Mary Ann McCann, New York; 13, old, schs. Charlie & Willie, Bateholder, Vineyard Haven for order; Mary Farrow, Milton, Mass.; 14, schs. Hattie H. Bangor, Perth Amboy; Omaha, Boston; 16, ar. sch. Mary J. Elliott, Belfast; old, sch. Paul Palmer, Baltimore; 16, ar. sch. Wm. B. Palmer, Philadelphia; old, sch. Gov. Powers, Hampton Roads.

Darien, Ga., May 6. Ar. sch. Sallie O'N., Charleston.

Fernandina, May 10. Old, sch. Lizzie B. Willey, Boston.

Newport News, May 10. Old, sch. Henry L. Peckham, Bangor; 11, ar. sch. James W. Paul, Jr., Boston; Frontenac, do; old, sch. Magnus Manson, Bangor; 16, ar. sch. Lucy E. Friend, Newburyport; old, sch. Edw. T. Stotesbury, Boston.

Vineyard Haven, May 15. Ar. sch. Luther T. Garrettton, Newport News for Newburyport.

Norfolk, May 10. Ar. sch. Wm. H. Sumner, New York; 11, ar. sch. Miles M. Merry, Bangor; old, sch. John E. Develin, Galveston.

Wilmington, NC., May 10. Old, sch. Adelia T. Carleton, Kent, Georgetown, SC; 15, old, sch. Carrie A. Buckman, Port au Prince, Haiti.

Perth Amboy, May 12. Old, sch. Izzetta, Bangor; 15, ar. sch. Harold B. Cousens, New York; 16, ar. sch. Arthur L. Lord, Rockland; May E. Pennell, Belfast.

Georgetown, SC., May 12. Ar. sch. Adelia T. Carleton, Wilmington, NC.

Port Royal, S. C., May 14. Ar. sch. Maggie S. Hart, Farm, New York.

Port Townsend, Wash., May 12. Ar. ship Emily Reed, Davidson, Mazatlan.

Peninsula, May 13. Old, sch. Herald, New York; 14, ar. bark E. L. Maybury, New York.

FOREIGN PORTS.

San Juan, P. R., May 1. Old, sch. Pendleton Bros., Hayes, Pensacola.

Newcastle, New, May 3. Old, ship Mary L. Cushing, Honolulu.

St. Helena, May 15. Ar. previously, bark Adolph Obbrig, Ross, Manila for Deiaaware Brestwater.

Port Spain, May 3. In port, sch. Edith G. Folwell for New York.

Nassau, N. P., May 5. Ar. sch. Robt. H. McCurdy, Rockport.

MARITIME MISCELLANY.

Beaufort, S. C., May 9. Sch. D. D. Haskell, Torrey, from Georgetown, S. C., for Norfolk, with lumber, is stranded 18 miles south of Ocracoke Inlet, and is in good condition to float; insured.

Rockland, Me., May 13. During rough weather early today the schooner J. Nickerson, Capt. C. A. Kelley, bound from Philadelphia for Bar Harbor with coal, missed Capt. P. and ran ashore on Johns Island Ledges. Tonight the vessel was pounding heavily and it was believed that she would be wholly broken to pieces before an attempt could be made to float her. The crew of five men and Capt. Kelley of Transit got into their boat when the vessel struck and stayed by until daybreak when there appeared but little hope of saving anything. The men rowed to Swan's Island, eight miles distant, and were later brought ashore, exhausted but unharmed. The J. Nickerson was a schooner of 179 gross tonnage and was 97 feet long. She was built at Brunswick, Me., and belonged in Portland.

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

Produce Market. Prices Paid Producers.

Apples 4 bu., 40 Hay 4 ton, 10.00@13.00

Beans, pea, 2.00 Lamb 4 lb., 12

Butter 4 lb., 2.00@2.25 Mutton 4 lb., 12

Cheese 4 lb., 1.50@1.75 Pork 4 lb., 12

Corn 4 bu., 1.00@1.25 Potatoes 4 lb., 12

Cotton 4 lb., 1.00@1.25 Straw 4 ton, 10.00

Calf Skins, per lb., 1.00@1.25 Turkey 4 lb., 12

Duck 4 lb., 1.00@1.25 Veal 4 lb., 12

Eggs 4 doz., 1.00@1.25 Wool, unwashed, 2

Fowl 4 lb., 1.00@1.25 Wood, hard, 4.00@4.50

Geese 4 lb., 1.00@1.25 Wood, soft, 3.00

Retail Price.

Beef, corned, 4 lb., 8.00@10.00

Butter Salt, 14 lb., 18.00@20.00

Corn 4 bu., 1.00@1.25

Corn Meal, 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Cheese 4 lb., 1.50@1.75

Coffee, 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Corn 4 bu., 1.00@1.25

Corn Meal, 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Cotton 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Calf Skins, per lb., 1.00@1.25

Duck 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Eggs 4 doz., 1.00@1.25

Fowl 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Geese 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Wood, hard, 4.00@4.50

Wood, soft, 3.00

Wool, unwashed, 2

Yarn, 4 lb., 1.00@1.25

Zinc, 4 lb., 1.00@